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THE CATS PARTY

J. H. HO

WANDERING BUNNY

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THE CAT'S PARTY,

WANDERING BUNNY.

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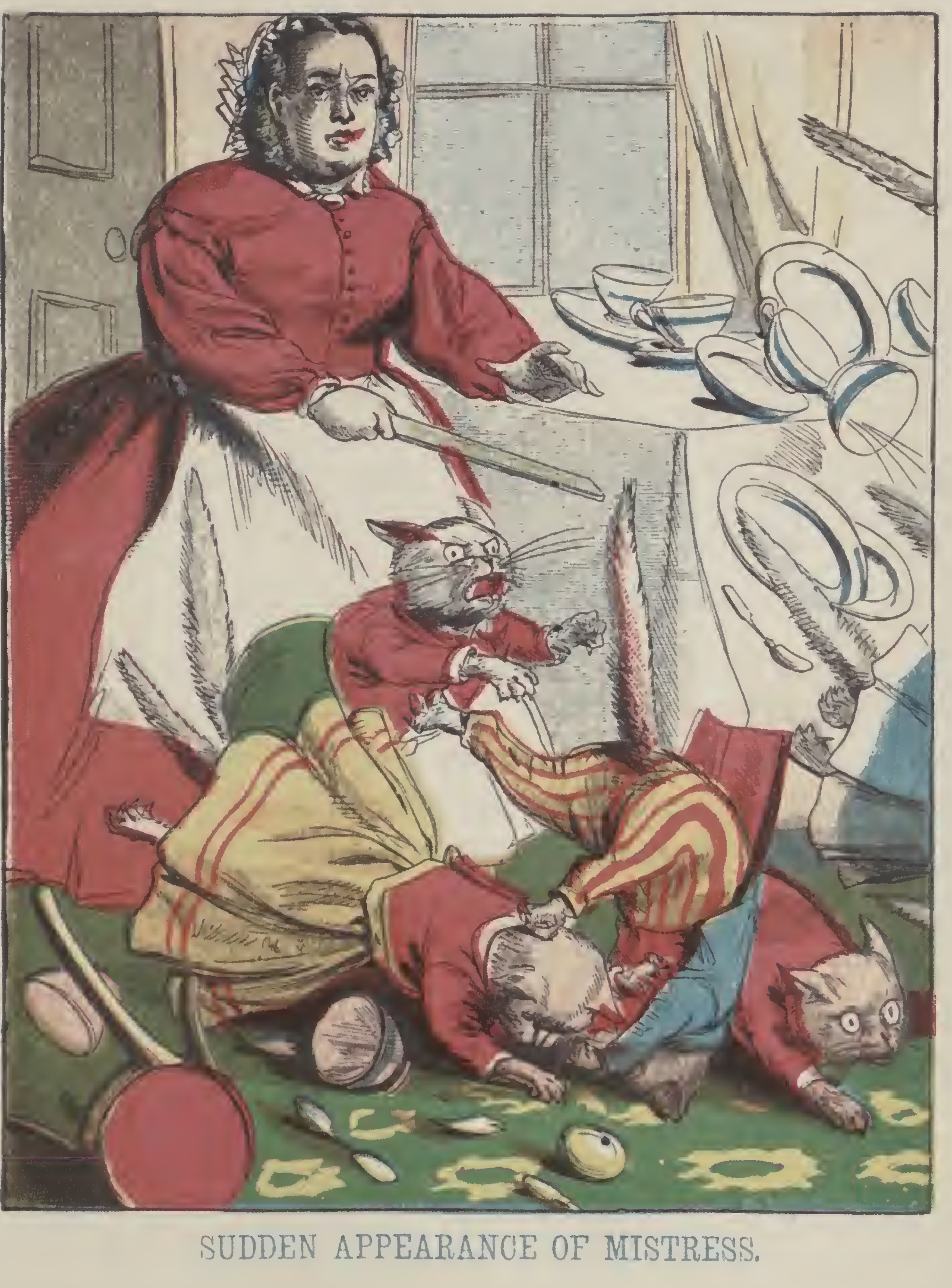
SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF "MISSUS."

In the midst of the dancing, the "mistress" came in,
Completely astonished to hear such a din;
She struck the ringleader, which, so frightened the rest,
That to get out of sight, they each did their best.

MORAL.

A saying there is—perhaps not known to all—
And to it the attention of every good cat I call;
It's something about "taking what isn't his'n,"
And the saying winds up with "he shall go to prison."
So all cats and kittens from us take advice,
And never steal viands, though ever so nice,
Lest your feelings be hurt by this candid allusion,
And, like Tom and the rest of them, put to confusion.

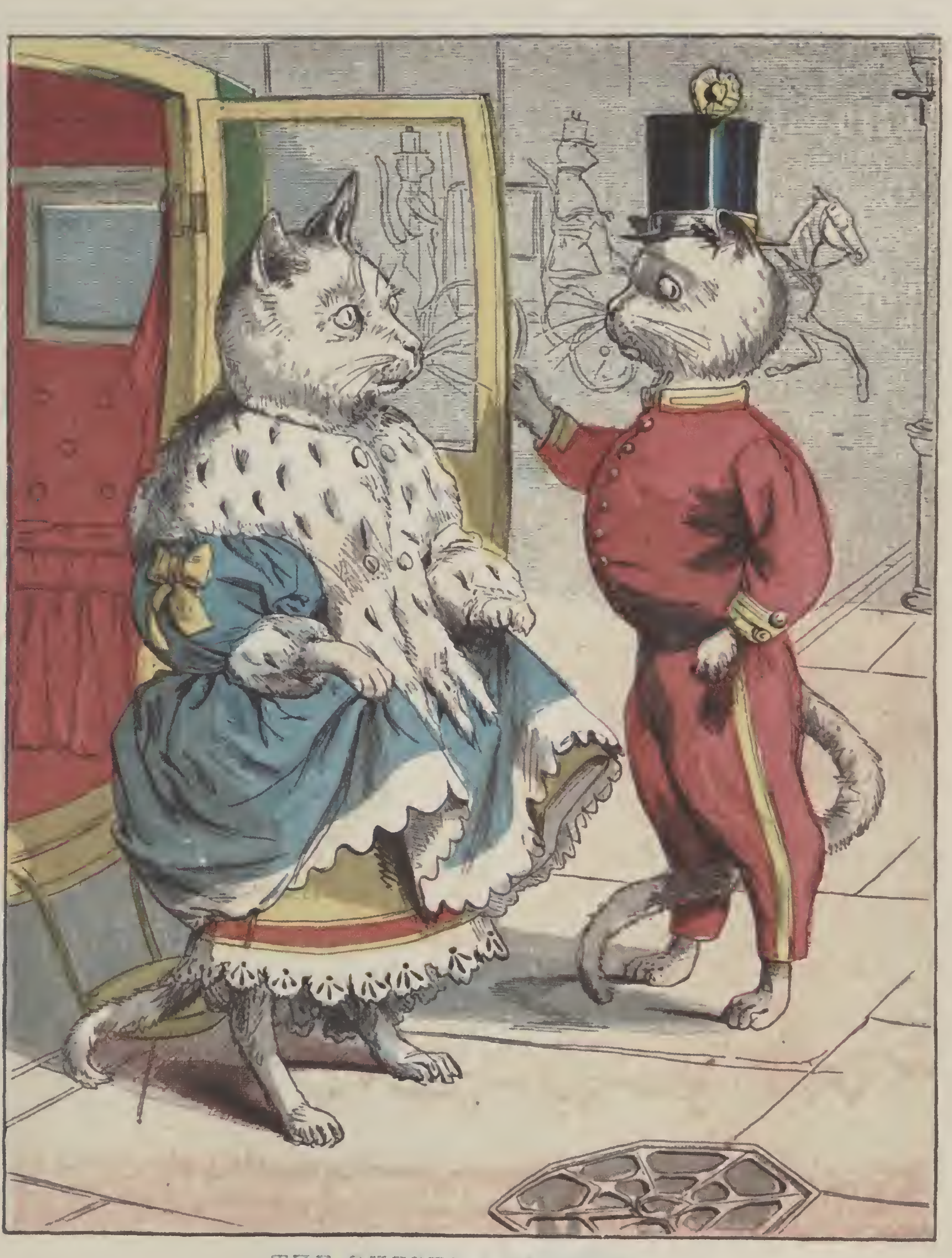


SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF MISTRESS.

THE TABLE GROANS, AND TOM RUNS AWAY.

THE day was quite fine, the weather propitious,
So they spread out the things, which appeared so delicious;
They had so much on the table, that a tom cat declared
It certainly groaned, and he ran away scared.

The guests now arriving, they each took a seat,
Some suspiciously eyeing the fish and the meat,
It having been hinted 'twas not all quite fresh,
They each began thinking they were caught in a mesh.

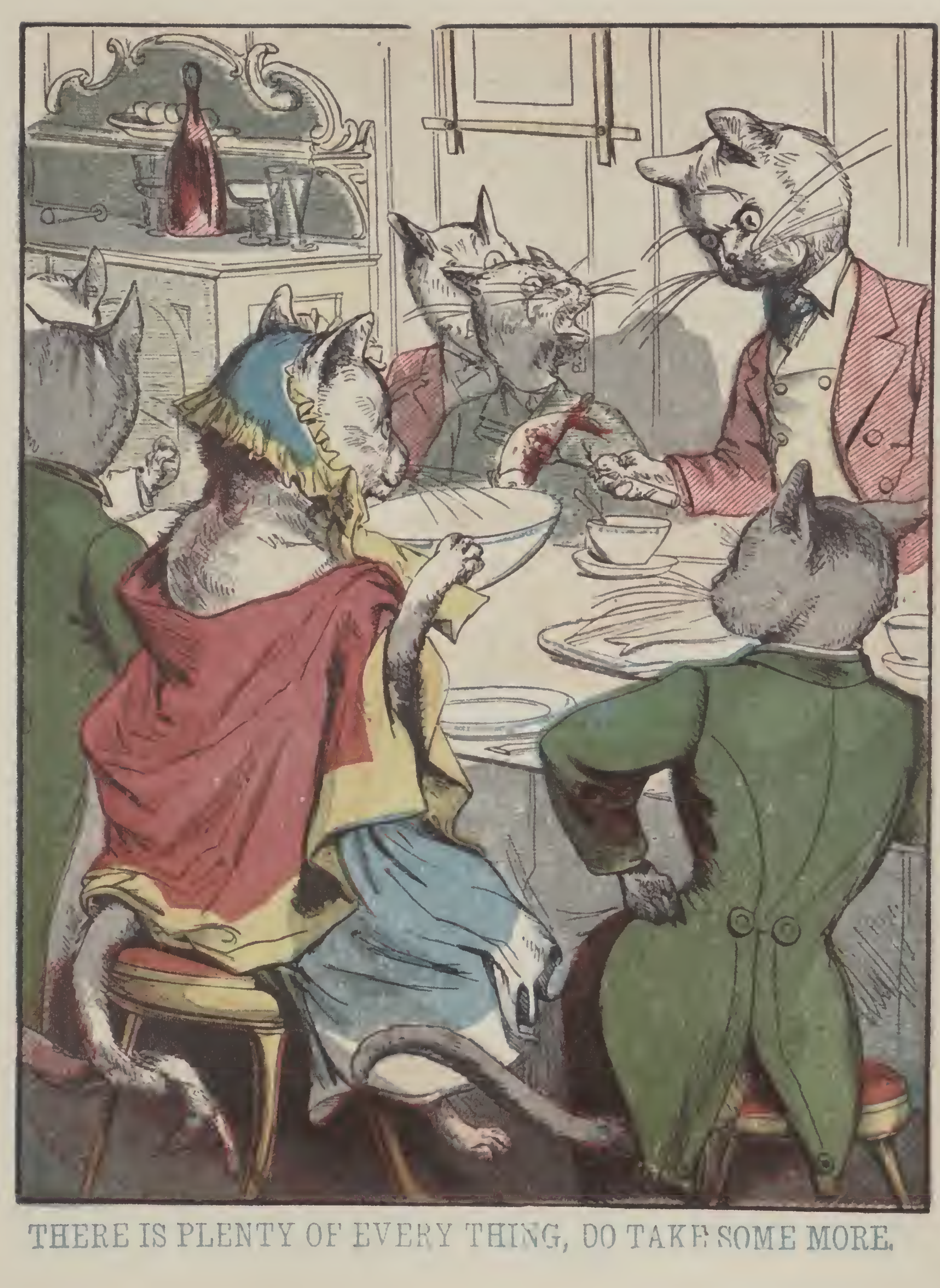


THE GUESTS ARRIVING.

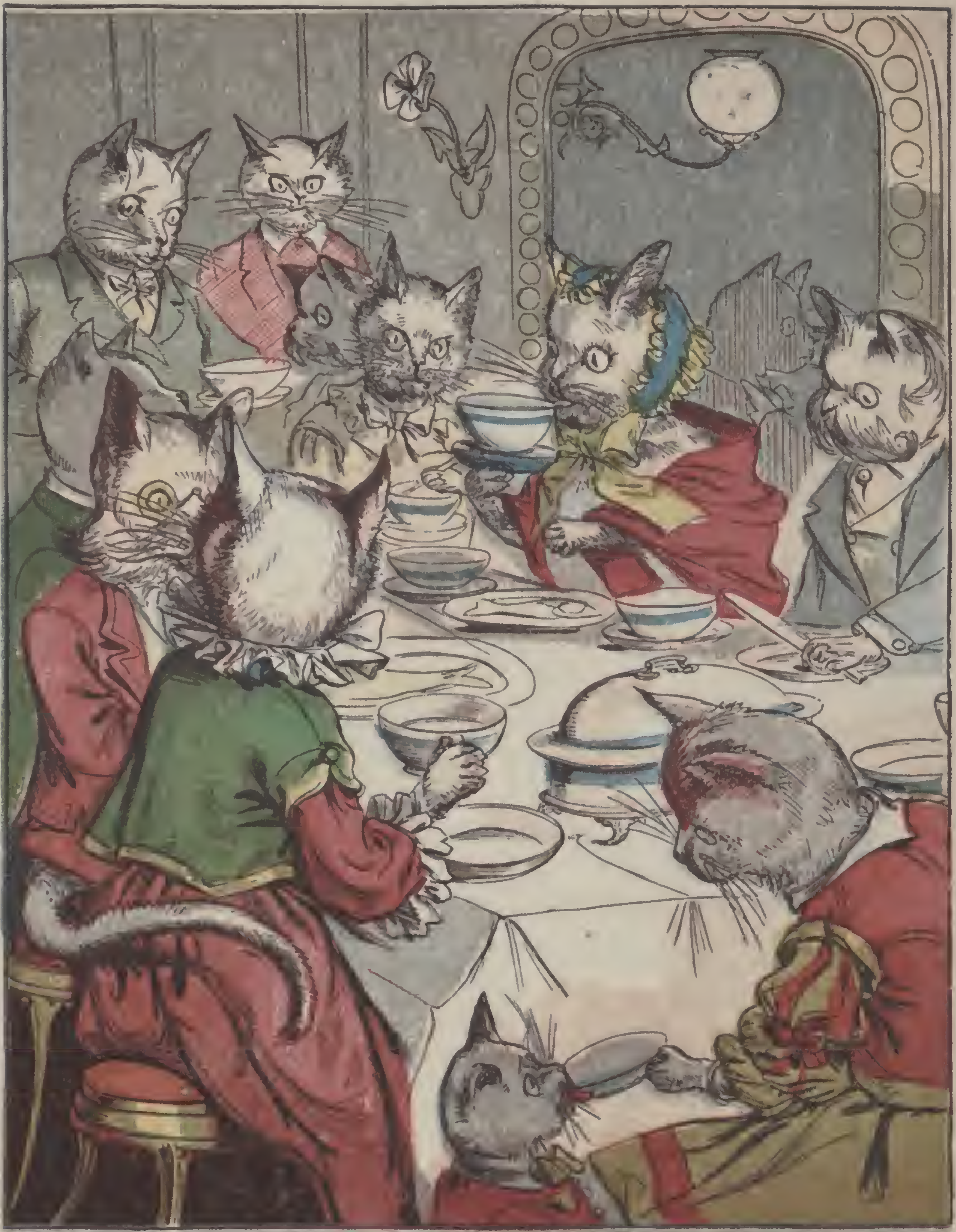
THEY ARE DESIRED TO MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME.

MRS. EVANS was dressed in her best bib and tucker—
This quarrelsome cat often got in a pucker—
And though Tom was handsome he'd much cause to wail,
Being hurt, by the door banging to, on his tail.

But all went on smoothly, for each did their best,
To do all they could to please all the rest;
And they made themselves happy, as good kittens ought,
Though of all the nice things, not one had been bought.



THERE IS PLENTY OF EVERY THING, DO TAKE SOME MORE.

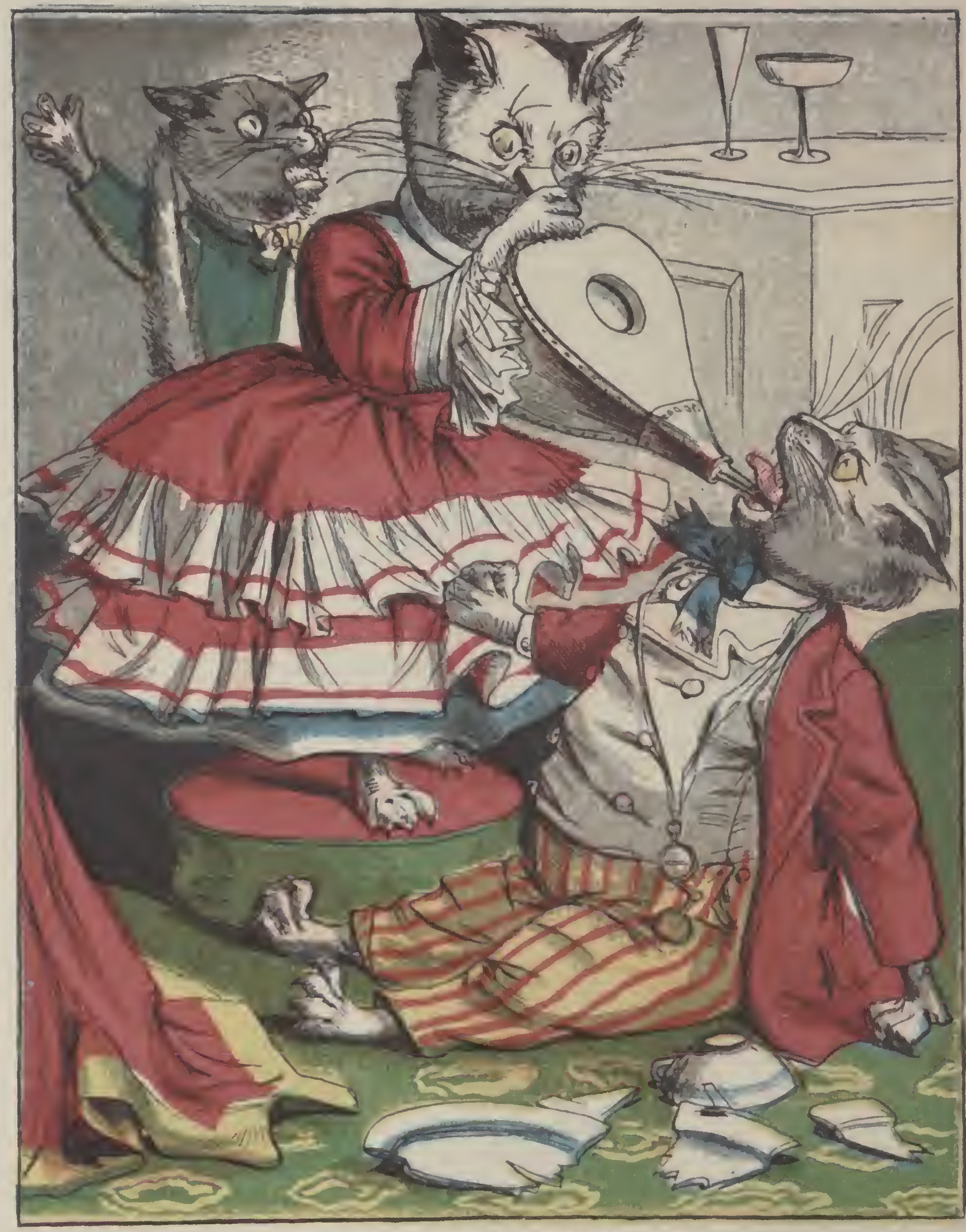


THE TABLE GROANS WITH THE WEIGHT OF VIANDS.

MRS. G'S MARKED POLITENESS TO HER OLD FRIEND, THOMAS.

THEN madam Grimalkin, though oft she did roam,
Said, "I hope you will all make yourselves quite at home,
As mistress don't look very close to her store,
There is plenty of every thing—Tom, take some more."

"Yes, dear Mrs. Grimalkin. Now look at this dish,
And permit me to send you a piece of fried fish."
"I thank you, dear Tom. If your appetite's keen,
Here's a cup of the very best milk ever seen."

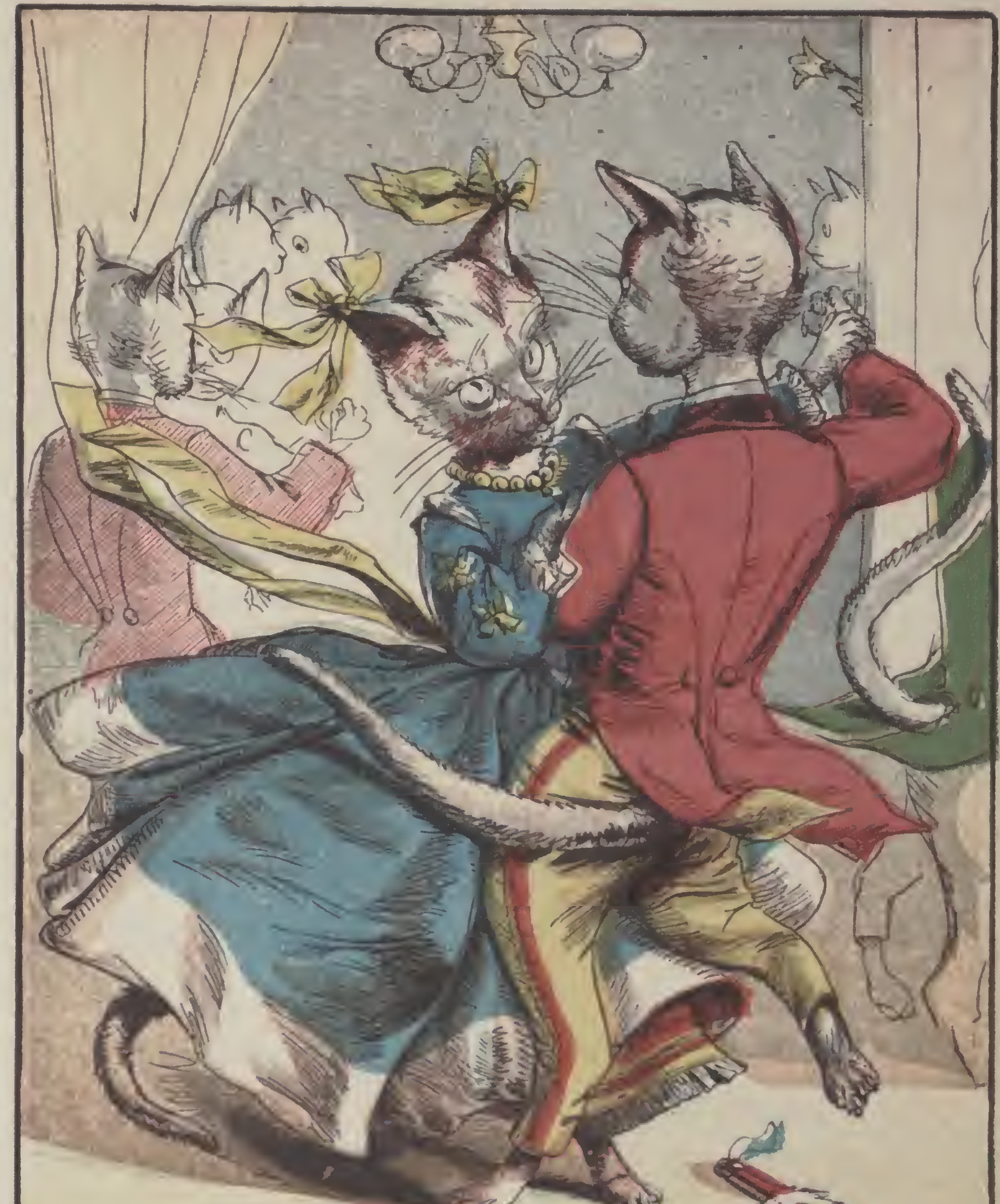


BILLY AND THE BELLOWS.

BILLY AND THE BELLOWS.

Such politeness from old and young feline
shoots
Has seldom been seen since the famed Puss
in Boots;
But Billy, who wore a great, red, shining
coat,
Got a dreadful large herring-bone stuck in
his throat.

Then he kicked and "meowed" with all
force he was able,
And finally turn'd upside down the great
table;
When his friend, Mrs. Evans, of him being
jealous,
Coolly thrust down his throat the nose of
the bellows.



THE DANCE.

THE DANCE.

Such roughness—such kindness—at length
moved the bone,
And poor Billy recovered himself very soon ;
When a lady-like cat, who had visited France,
After supper proposed they should all have
a dance.

Tom and her lady-ship now opened the ball,
And merrily danced, to the delight of them
all ;
The others soon followed, 'till all in the room,
Were dancing away, as though quite at
home.

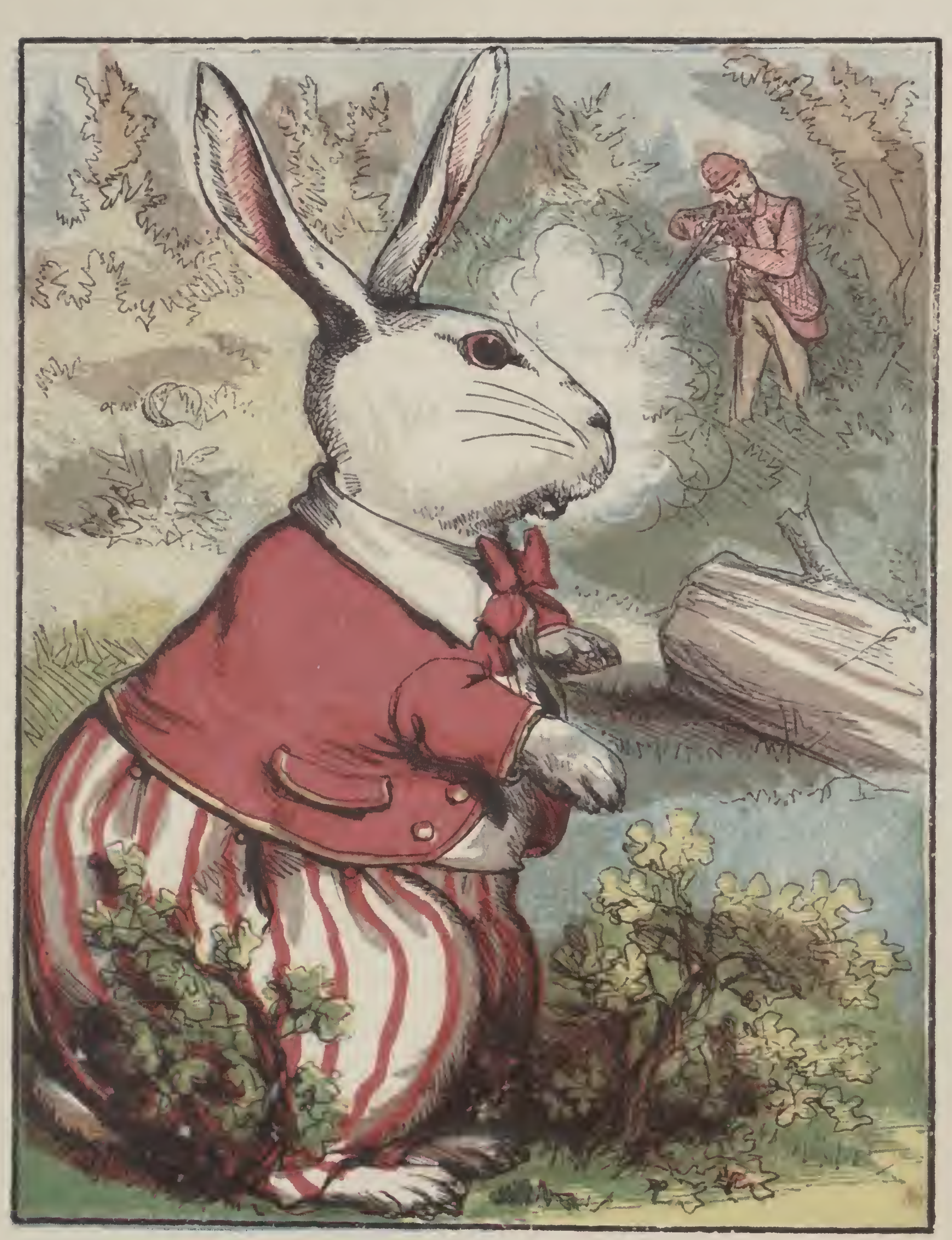
THE SHOT THAT BARELY MISSED POOR BUNNY'S HEAD.

He just about a mile had got—
"Now, this is fine!" he said;
When at the moment came a shot
That barely miss'd his head.

Then, much alarm'd, he fast did run,
But where he never knew,
For fear the next shot from the gun
Might pierce him through and through.

He, panting, laid him down at last,
A little rest to gain;
Some naughty schoolboys shortly pass'd,
Determined on a game.

They spied him, and kept throwing stones,
So off he flew once more,
To find—although he saved his bones—
Some troubles yet in store.



THE SHOT THAT BARELY MISSED POOR BUNNY'S HEAD.

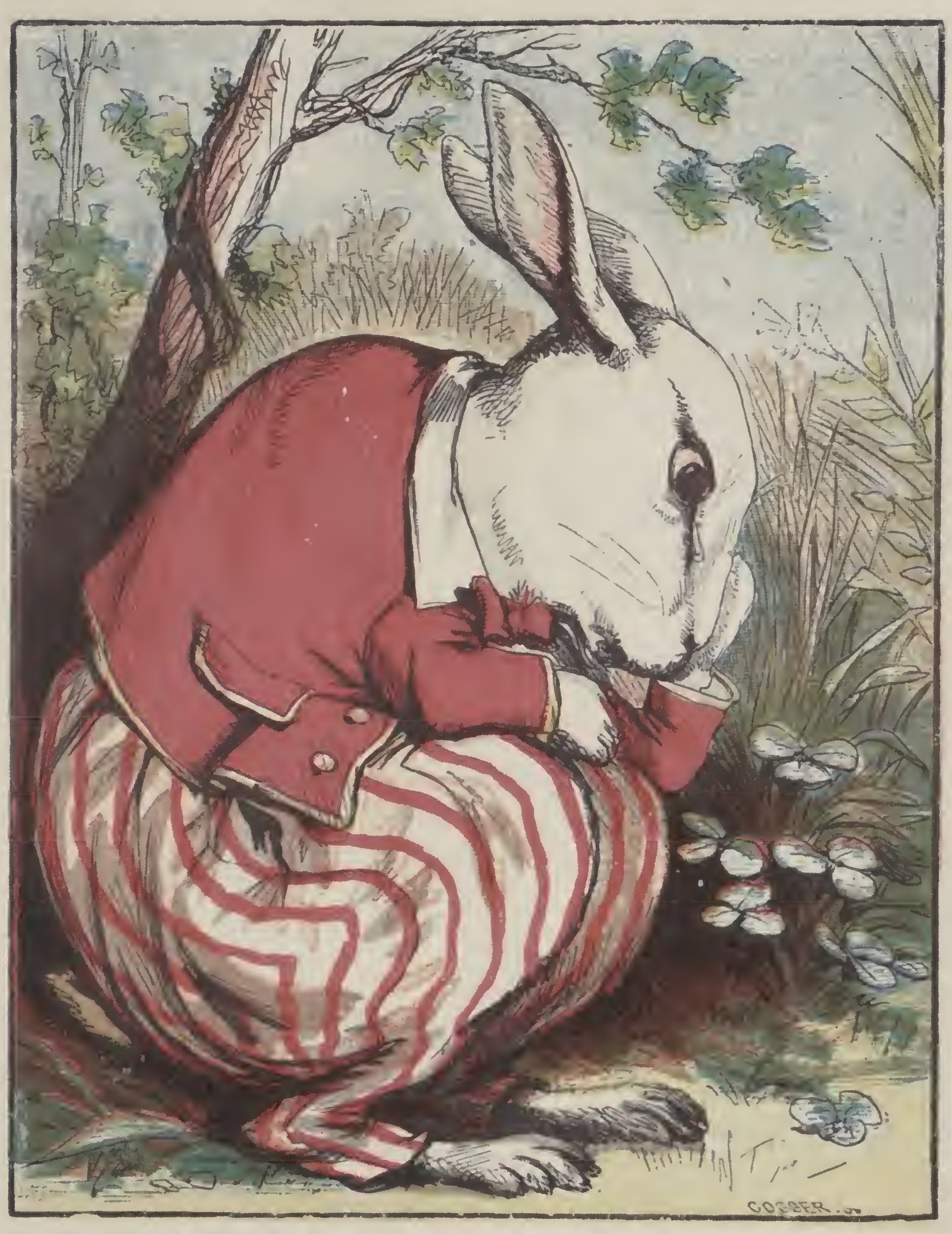
BUNNY, AS HE SLUMBERING LAY, IS SEIZED BY THE FARMER.

Thus hunted down and chased about,
He thought that home he'd go;
He tried, but very soon found out
The road he didn't know.

Alas! why did I leave my home?
The silly Bunny thought;
To be like this compelled to roam,
Of every one the sport.

And, thinking thus, poor Bunny sighed—
Indeed he almost wept;
"But, come what will, I'll rest," he cried,
And, lying down, soon slept.

The farmer, coming by that way,
Beheld a sight that pleased him;
For there young Bunny slumbering lay,
And instantly he seized him.



THE SCHOOL BOYS SPIED HIM AND KEPT THROWING STONES.

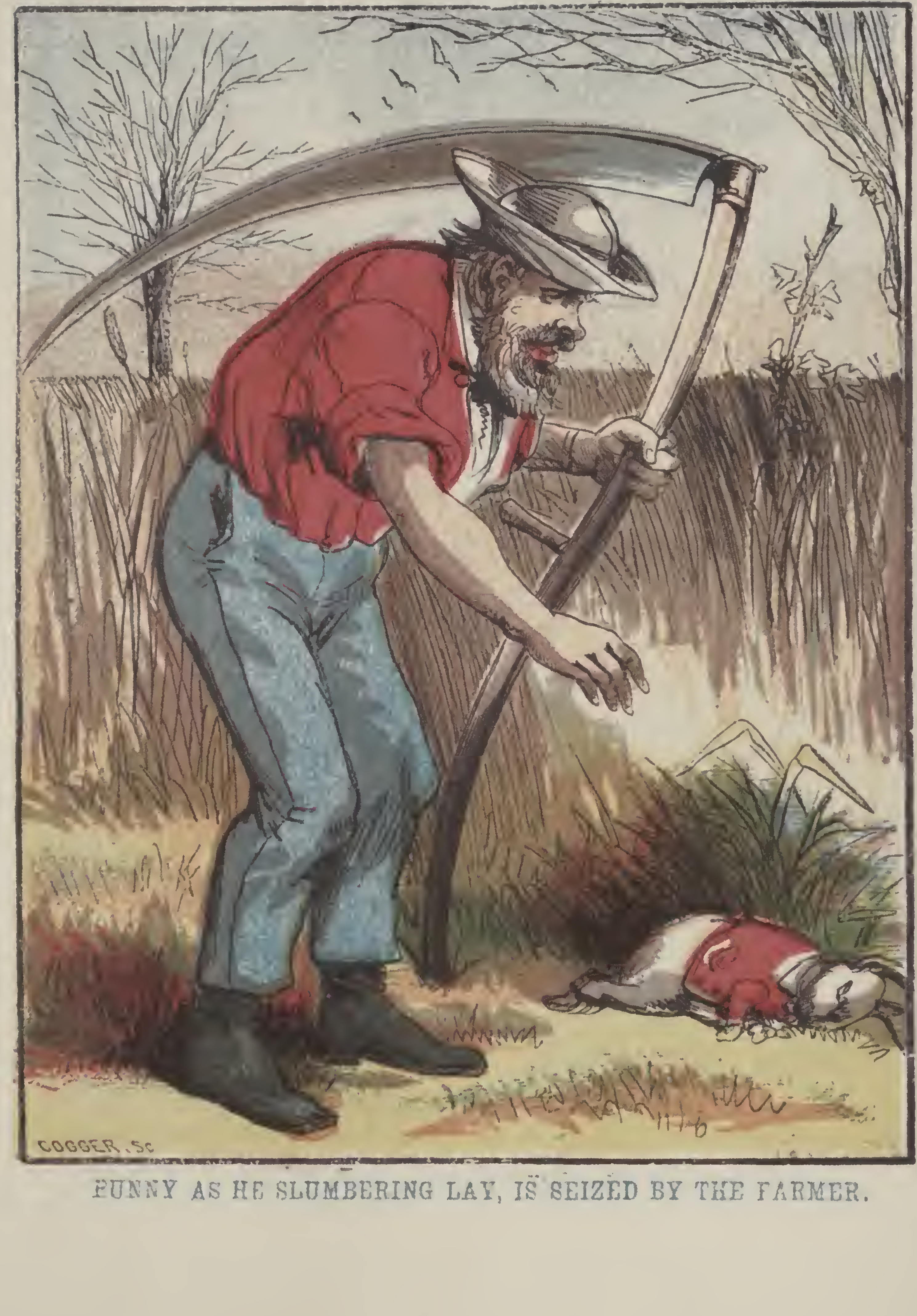
BUNNY PUT IN THE HUTCH SAFE FROM HARM.

Into a hutch poor Bunny found
It was his fate to go,
With scarcely room for turning round,
And bars for peeping through.

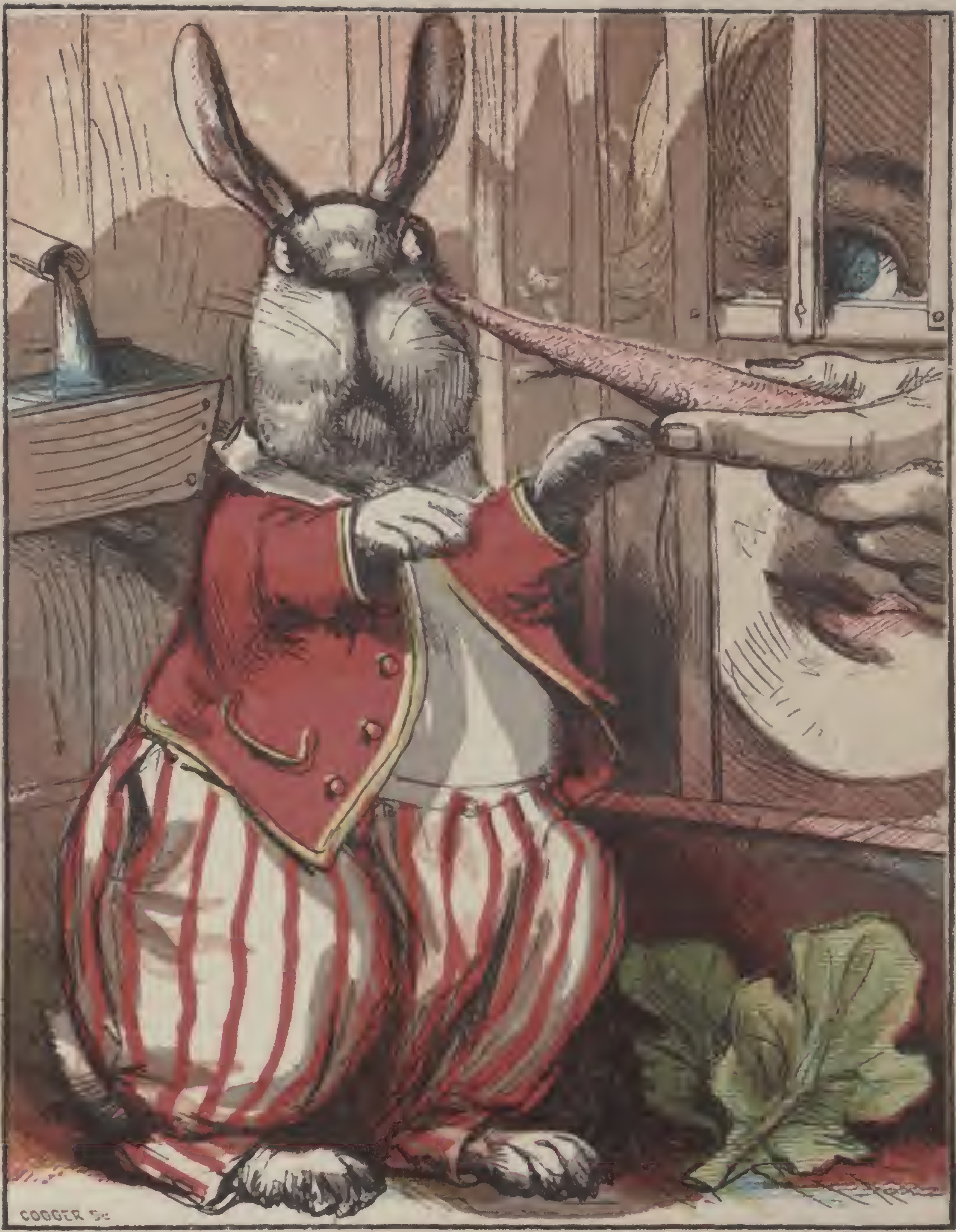
Said Bunny, "Well, I don't see here
The least cause for alarm;
They lock me up, it does appear,
To keep me safe from harm;

"They bring me food—in fact a store—
There's no denying that;
And then they'll love me more and more,
When I am sleek and fat."

His neighbours heard his silly boast,
And pointed out his lot;
Some day he'd either be a roast,
Or else boiled in a pot.



BUNNY AS HE SLUMBERING LAY, IS SEIZED BY THE FARMER.



POOR BUNNY, CONFINED IN A HUTCH, GETS SLEEK AND FAT.

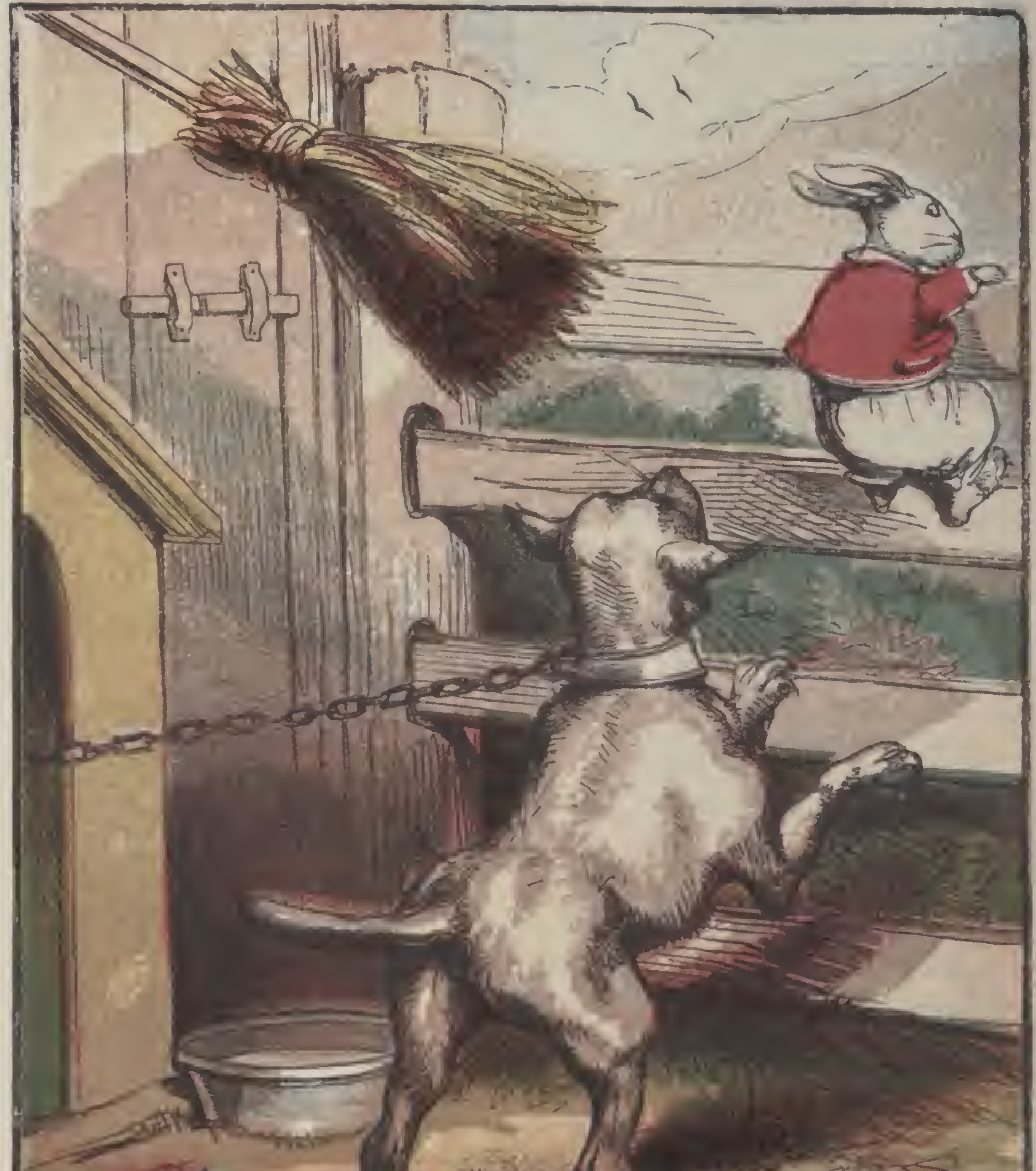
POOR BUNNY, CONFINED IN A HUTCH, GETS SLEEK AND FAT.

Just as he thought himself all right
Was Bunny undeceived;
His timid heart stood still with fright,
For this he now believed.

He then resolved he'd rather fast
Until he got much thinner;
For being fat he found at last
Meant being cook'd for dinner.

The greens and carrots which he had
Were horrid to his eye:
The bran and oats were worse than bad—
He dreamed of rabbit pie.

And when he of his parents thought,
One thing was very clear—
If he had minded all they taught,
He'd never been put here.



BUNNY NARROWLY ESCAPES FROM THE HUTCH.

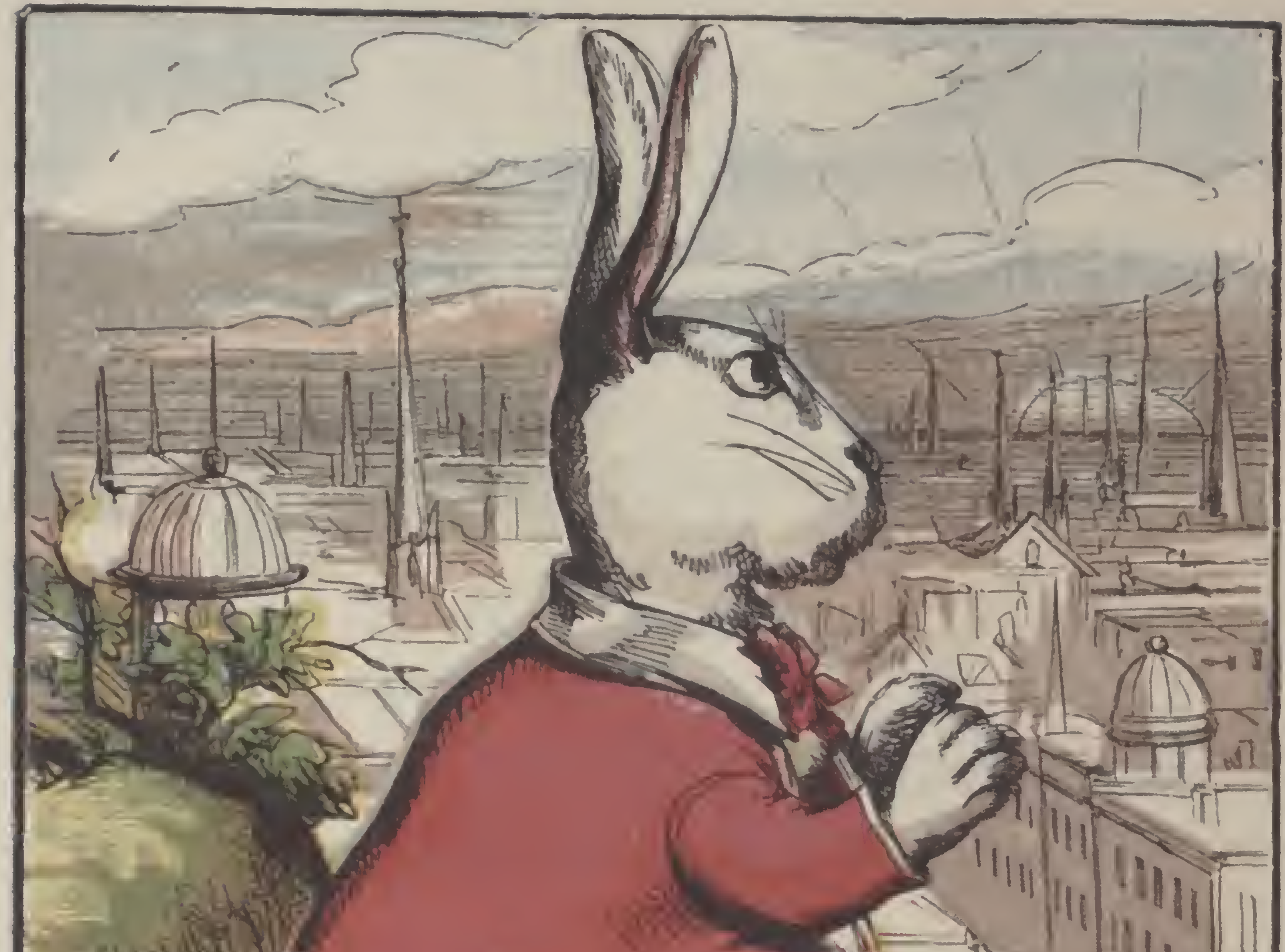
BUNNY NARROWLY ESCAPES FROM THE HUTCH.

What joy then after this to find
His prison door undone;
"No more," said he, "I'll be confined—
At once I'll cut and run."

The dog rush'd out as Bunny pass'd,
But luckily was chain'd;
He felt that moment was his last,
As he the pailings gain'd.

A big birch-broom the farmer threw
Came whizzing by his head;
How he escaped he never knew—
He thought himself quite dead.

Swift as an arrow off he flew,
Until fatigued he'd grown;
When, in the distance, came in view
The mighty London town.



BUNNY ARRIVES IN SIGHT OF LONDON TOWN.

POOR BUNNY CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Said Bunny, "I should like to see
The wonders of that place;
But if again they should see me,
There'll be another chase.

"Now as I'm free, so I would keep,
Of woe I've had my share;
No more they'll catch me fast asleep—
Of that I will take care."

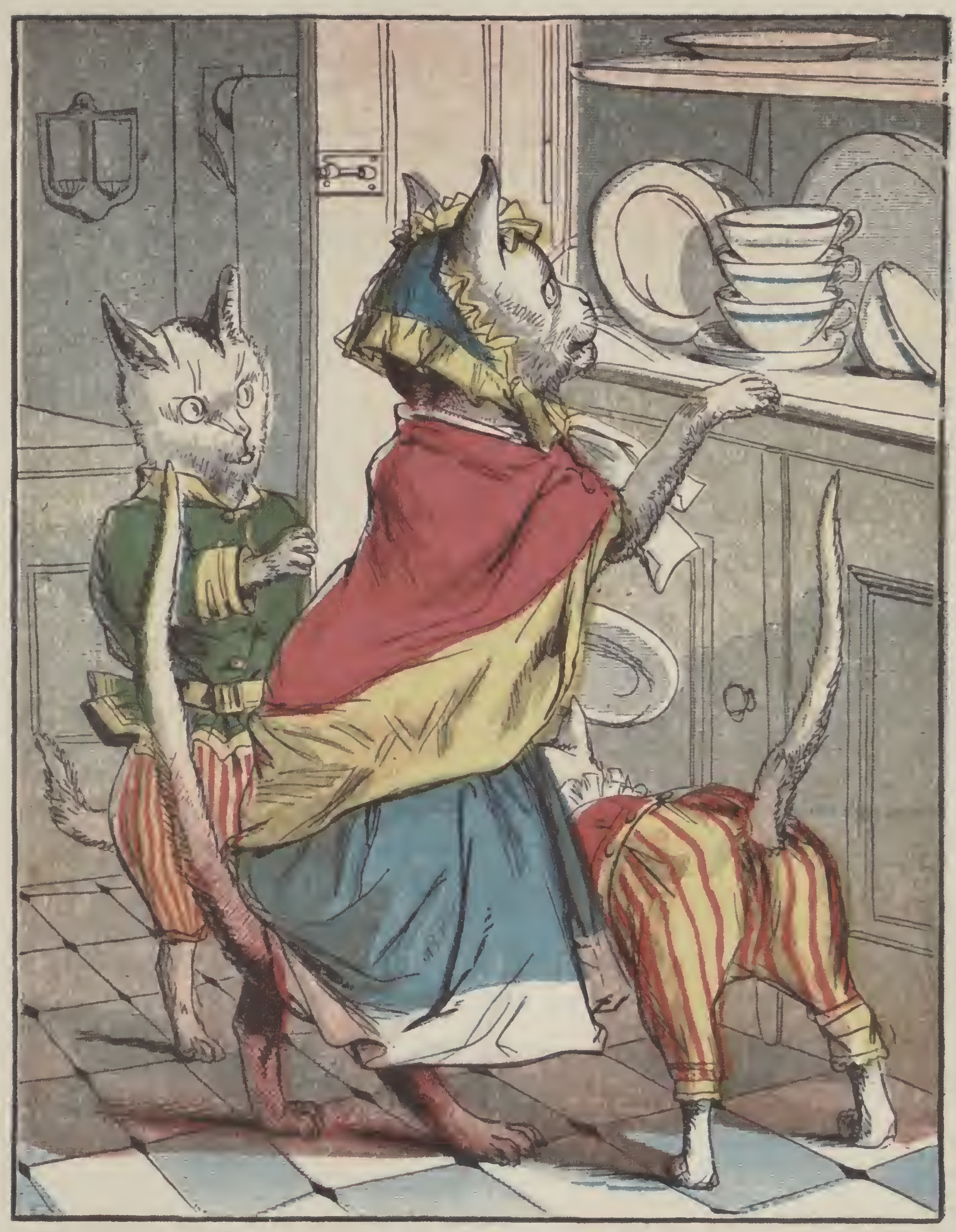
That spot he found with danger fraught,—
He gave a cry of pain;
For in a trap his leg was caught—
A prisoner again.

A keeper soon came to the spot,
And seeing Bunny there,
"Something," said he "at last I've got—
A rabbit I declare!"

MRS. G. DETERMINES TO BORROW HER MISTRESS' DISHES.

The next thing to be done was to make preparation,
So the kittens were called, to hold consultation;
Quoth Mrs. G. "I've determined from Mistress to borrow,
All the dishes we need, and return them to-morrow.

"We'll have crumpets, and muffins, and nice butter'd toast,
Shrimps and fried fish, and some meat, which we'll roast;
There's nothing like fish, though we've plenty beside;
I could eat a large plateful—especially fried."



MRS. GRIMALKIN'S PREPARATION.

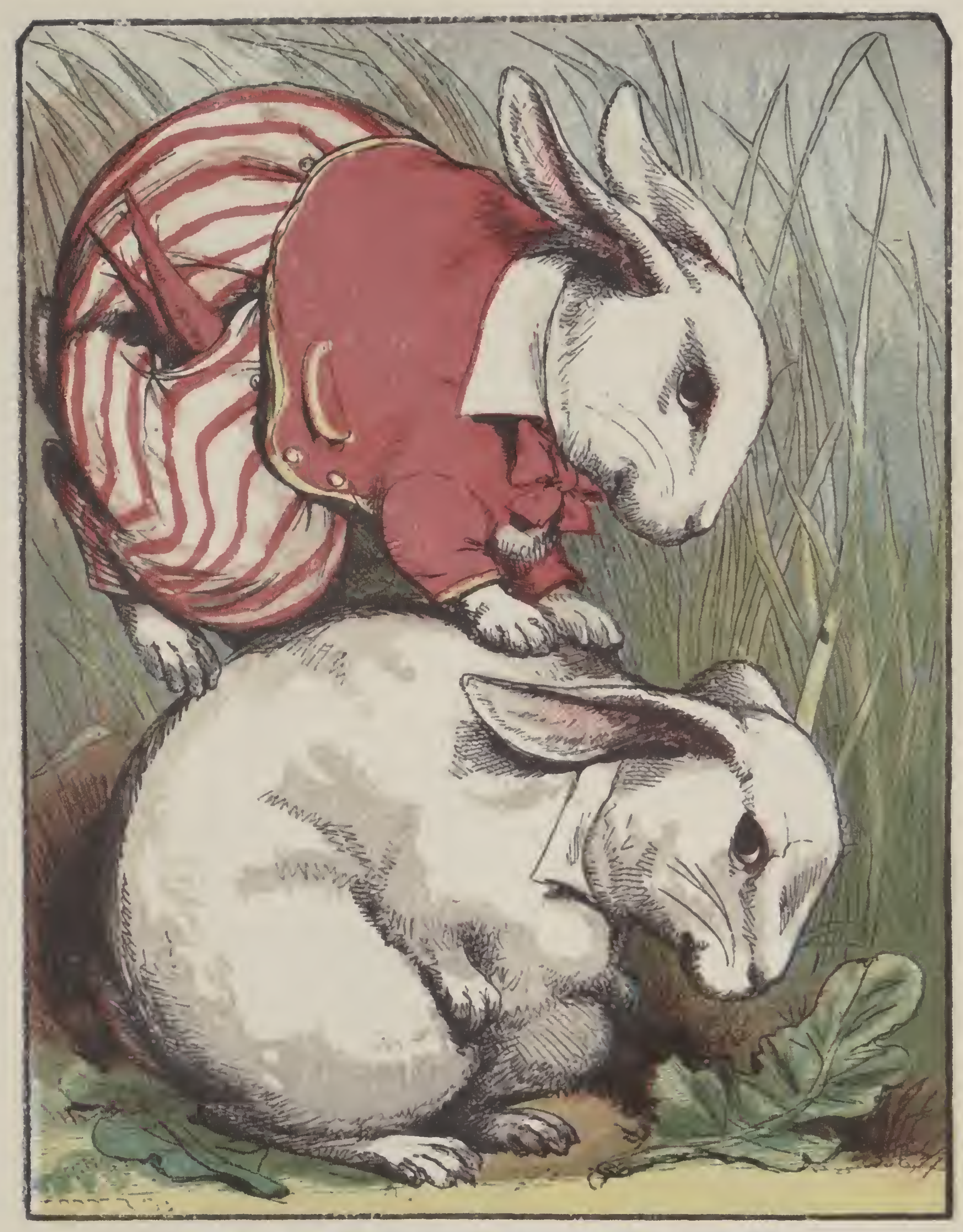
BUNNY AT HOME PLAYS AND FRISKS AROUND.

Young Bunny play'd and frisked around
A pleasant shady spot;
No Rabbit ever, I'll be bound,
Had a more pleasant lot.

No sportsman ever ventured there
To put him in a fright;
He had enough, and some to spare,
To please his appetite.

But still he was not satisfied,
And wished the world to see;
"This stupid life," he often said,
"Was never meant for me."

And so one sunny summer's day,
When all were snug at home,
Hs started off and ran away,
About the world to roam.

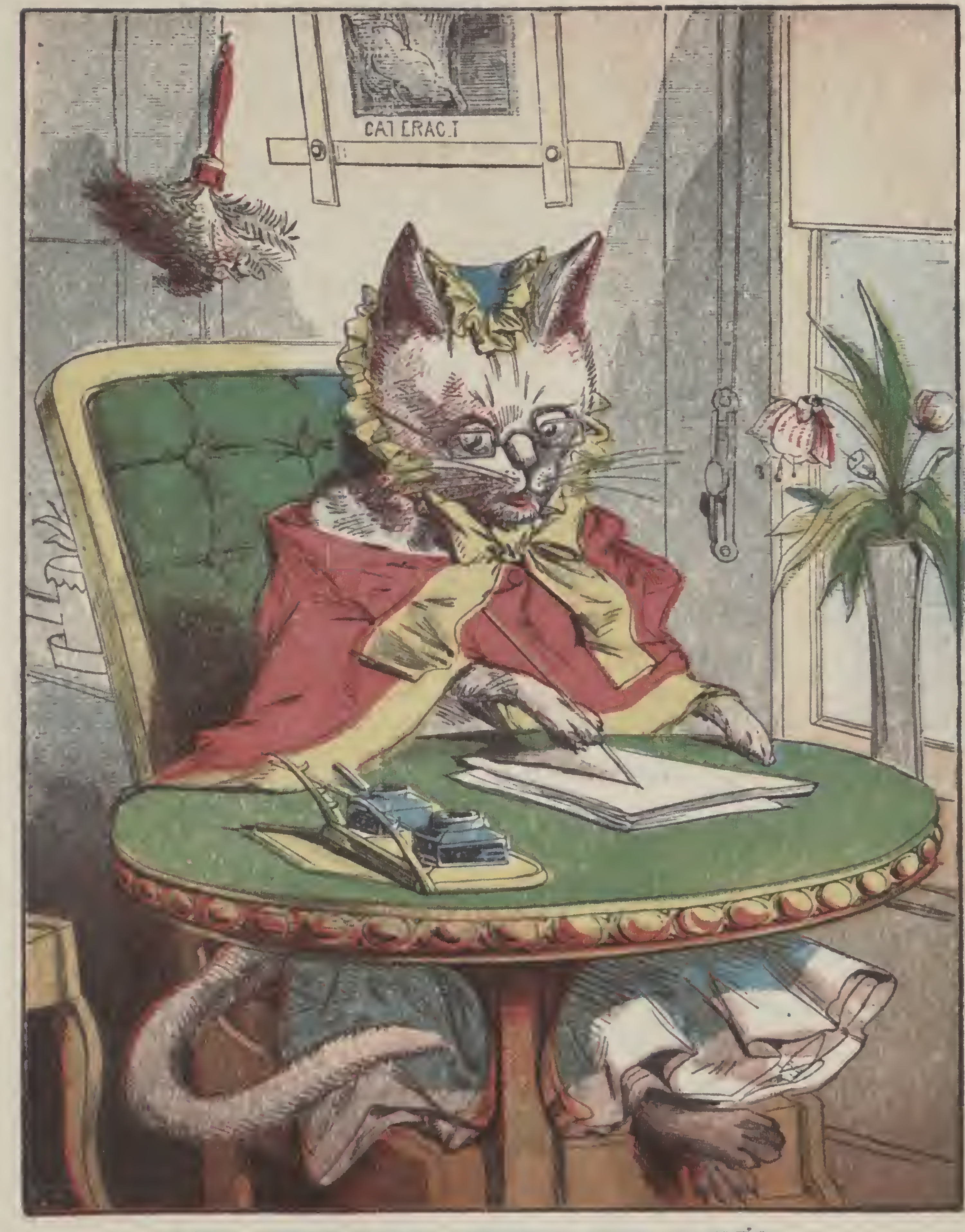


BUNNY AT HOME PLAYS AND FRISKS AROUND.

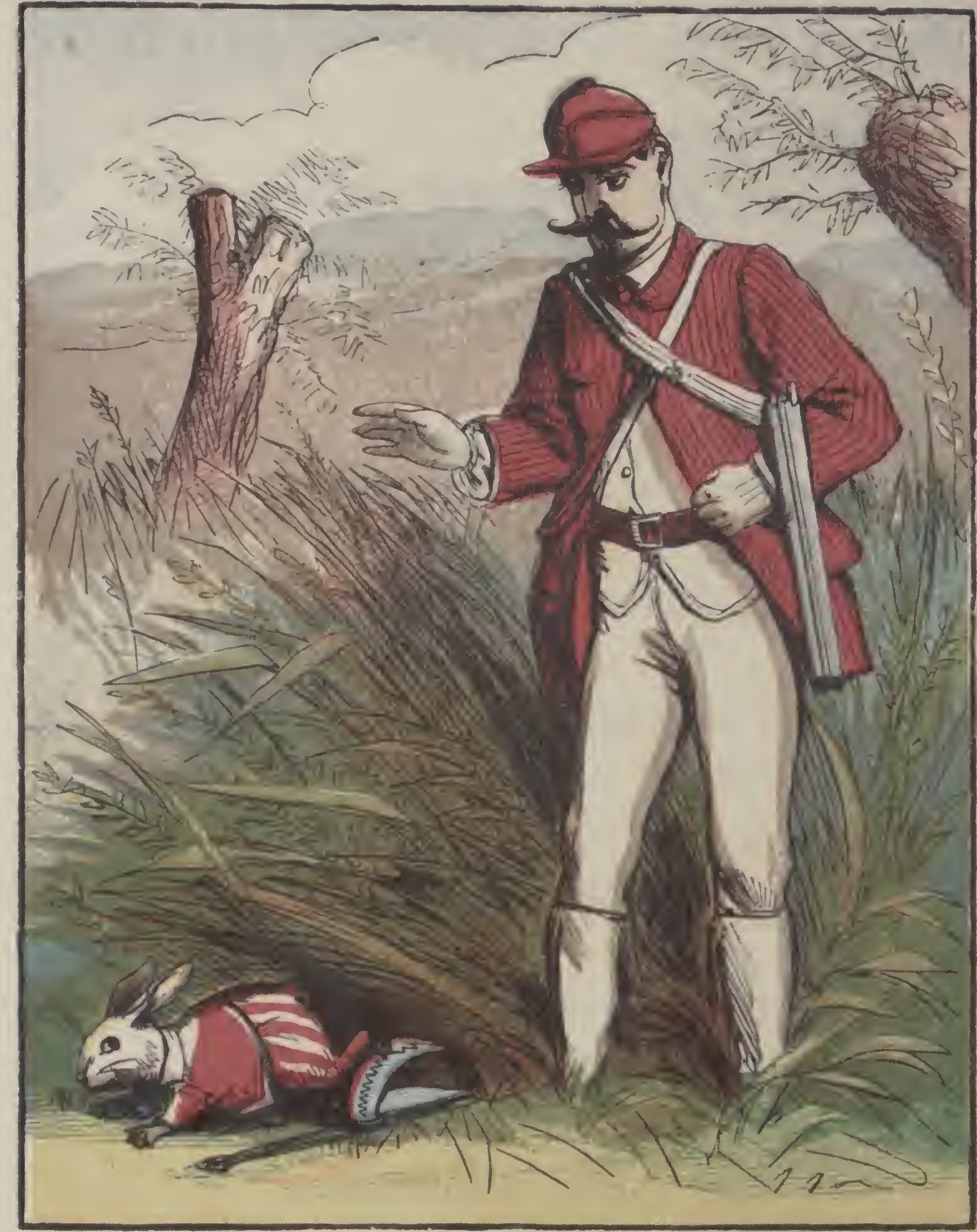
Mrs. GRIMALKIN WRITES HER CARDS.

Meek Mistress Grimalkin, so fat and so hearty,
Once gave to her kittens a nice little Party;
She sent out her cards, with gilt edges bound,
For the Tortoiseshells, Tabbies, and Blacks to come round.

There was uncle and aunt, and some cats of first water—
Of course not forgetting her last married daughter;
There was mother and sister, besides her first cousin:
Counting heads, as they sat, they made up a dozen.



MRS. GRIMALKIN, WRITES HER CARDS.



POOR BUNNY CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

BUNNY GETS HOME AGAIN AND DIES.

"He's lamed, I guess, without a doubt
A fine fat prize I've won;
So from the trap I'll take him out—
A broken leg can't run!"

But master was mistaken quite
In what he then did say;
For as he did not hold him tight,
Young Bunny got away.

He ran, although his leg was sore,
And nearly dead with pain;
He cried, "Oh dear, I'll roam no more,
If I get home again!"

His friends now found and took him home,
Where he expressed his sorrow,
But never more, alas, he'll roam—
He died upon the morrow.

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